

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Continued from our last issue.

THE THIRTIETH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS OF THE "TURTLE-DORERY"—DISCOVERS BLACK BEETLES—THINKS IT "NOTHING BUT RIGHT" THAT CAUDLE SHOULD SET UP A CHAIRSE.

"You'd never have got me into this wilderness of a place, Mr. Caudle, if I'd only have thought what it was. Yes, that's right; throw it in my teeth that it was my choice—that a manly isn't it? When I saw the place the sun was out, and it looked beautiful—now, it's quite another thing. No, Mr. Caudle; I don't expect you to command the sun, and if you talk about Joshua in that infidel way, I'll leave the bed. No, sir; I don't expect the sun to be in your power, but that's nothing to do with it. I talk about one thing, and you always start another. But that's your art."

"I'm sure a woman might as well be buried alive as live here. In fact, I am buried alive; I feel it. I stood at the window three hours this blessed day, and saw nothing but the postman. No; it isn't a pity that I hadn't something better to do; I had plenty; but that's my business, Mr. Caudle. I suppose I'm to be mistress of my own house? If not, I'd better leave it."

"And the very first night we were here, you know it, the black beetles came into the kitchen. In the place didn't seem spread all over with a black cloth, Mr. Caudle? I see nothing to cough at. But that's just your way of sneezing. Millions of black beetles! And as the clock strikes eight, out they march. What? They're very punctual? I know that. I only wish other people were half as punctual: 'twould save other people's money and other people's peace of mind. You know I hate a black beetle! No; I don't hate so many things. But I do hate black beetles, as I hate ill treatment, Mr. Caudle. And now I'll have enough of both, goodness knows."

"Last night they came into the parlor. Of course, in a night or two, they'll walk up into the bed-room. They'll be here—regiments of 'em—on the quilt. But what do you care? Nothing of the sort ever touches you; but you know how they come to me; and that's why you are so quiet. A pleasant thing to have black beetles in one's bed! Why don't I poison 'em? A pretty matter, indeed, to have poison in the house! Must you must think of the dear children. A nice place, you'd call it the Turtle-Dorery? Didn't I exhibit it myself? I know that—but then I know nothing of the black beetles. Besides, names of houses are for the world outside; not that anybody passes to see ours. Didn't Mrs. Digby insist on calling their new house, 'Love-Indulgence,' though everybody knew that that wretch Digby was always bawling her? Still, when folks read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside. In this world, Mr. Caudle, names are sometimes quite as good as things."

"That's enough again! You've got a cold, and you'll always be getting one—for you'll always be missing the omnibus as you did on Tuesday—and always be getting wet. No constitution can stand it, Caudle. You don't know what I felt when I heard it rain on Tuesday, and thought you might be in it. What? I'm very good? Yes, I trust so; I try to be so, Caudle. And so, dear, I've been thinking that I'd better keep a chairse. You can't afford it, and you won't? Don't tell me; I know you'll save money by it. I've been reckoning what you lay out on omnibuses; and if you'd a chairse of your own—besides the gentility of the thing—you'd be money in pocket. And then, again, how often I could go with you to town—and how, again, I could call for you when you liked to be a little late at the club, dear! Now, you're obliged to be hurried away—I know it—when, if you'd only a carriage of your own, you could stay and enjoy yourself. And after you walk you want enjoyment. Of course, I can't expect you always to run home directly to me; and I don't, Caudle; and you know it."

"A nice, neat, elegant little chairse. What? You'll think of it? There's a love! You are a good creature, Caudle; and 'twill make me so happy to think you don't depend upon an omnibus. A sweet little carriage, with our arms beautifully painted on the panels. What? Arms are rubbish; and you don't know that you have any? Nonsense; it's sure you'll have money by it. I've been reckoning what you lay out on omnibuses; and if you'd a chairse of your own—besides the gentility of the thing—you'd be money in pocket. And then, again, how often I could go with you to town—and how, again, I could call for you when you liked to be a little late at the club, dear! Now, you're obliged to be hurried away—I know it—when, if you'd only a carriage of your own, you could stay and enjoy yourself. And after you walk you want enjoyment. Of course, I can't expect you always to run home directly to me; and I don't, Caudle; and you know it."

"I heard you talking to Mr. Prettyman, when you little thought I was listening, and you didn't know what you were saying—I heard you. 'My dear Prettyman,' says you, 'when some women get talking, they club all their husbands' faults together, just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set.' Eh? You don't remember it? But I do; and I remember too what brandy was left when Prettyman went. 'Twould be odd if you could remember much about it after that."

"And now you've gone and separated man and wife, and I'm to be blamed for it. You've proved to me that henceforth I'm not to trust you with anything, Mr. Caudle. No; I'll look up whatever I know in my own breast—for now I find nobody, not even one's own husband, is to be relied upon. From this moment, I may look upon myself as a solitary woman. Now, it's no use your trying to go to sleep. What do you say? You know that? Very well. No, I want to ask you one question more. Eh? You can't be asked to do it; I will go on—I'm not afraid to be catechized. I never drop a syllable that as a wife I ought to have kept to myself—no, I'm not at all forgetting what I've said—and I'm not at all getting to ask me speak at once. No—I don't want you to spare me; all I want you to do is to speak. You will speak? Well, then, do."

"What? Who told people you'd a false front tooth? And is that all? Well, I'm sure—as if the world couldn't see it. I know I did just mention it once, but then I thought everybody knew it—besides, I was aggravated to do it; it was, aggravated. I remember it was very day, at Mrs. Badgerly's, when husbands' whiskers came up. Well, after we'd done with them, somebody said something about teeth. Whereupon Miss Prettyman—a minx! she was born to destroy the peace of families—I know she was; she was there; and if I'd only known that such a creature was—no, I'm not rambling, not at all, and I'm coming to the tooth. To be sure, this is a great deal you've got against me, Mr. Caudle. Well, somebody spoke about teeth, when Miss Prettyman, with one of her insulting leers, said, 'she thought Mr. Caudle had the whitest teeth she ever had beheld.' Of course, my blood was up—every wife's would be; and I believe I might have said, 'Yes, they were well enough; but when a young lady so very much praised a married man's teeth, she perhaps didn't know that one of the front ones was an elephant's. Like her impudence—I set her down for the rest of the evening. But I can't come to bed to quarrel, and I'm not going to indulge you. All I say is this, after the shameful mischief you've made at the Badgerly's, you never break my confidence again. Never—and now you know it."

"Finally," says Caudle, "I compromised for aggie; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

THE THIRTY-FIRST LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS VERY BITTERLY THAT MR. CAUDLE HAS "BROKEN HER CONFIDENCE."

"You'll catch me, Mr. Caudle, telling you anything again. Now, I don't want to have any noise; I don't wish you to put yourself in a passion. All I say is this: never again do I open my lips to you about anybody. No; if man and wife can't be one, why there's an end of everything. Oh, you know very well what I mean, Mr. Caudle; you've broken my confidence in the most shameful and most heartless way, and I repeat it—I can never be again to you as I have been. No; the little charm—it wasn't much—that remained about married life is gone forever. Yes; the bloom's quite wiped off the plum now."

"Don't be such a hypocrite, Caudle; don't ask me what I mean! Mrs. Badgerly has been here—more like a fiend, I'm sure, than a quiet woman. I haven't done trembling yet! You know the state of my nerves, too; you know—yes, sir, I had nerves when you married me; and I have n't just found 'em out. Well, you've something to answer for, I think. The Badgerlys are going to separate; she takes the girls, and he the boys, and all through you. How you can lay your head upon that pillow and think of going to sleep, I can't tell. What have you done? Well, you have a face to ask the question! Done? You've broken my confidence, Mr. Caudle; you've taken advantage of my tenderness, my trust in you as a wife—the more fool I for my pains—and you've separated a happy couple forever. No; I'm not talking in the clouds; I'm talking in your bed, the more my misfortune."

"Now, Caudle—yes, I shall sit up in the bed if I choose; I'm not going to sleep till I have this properly explained; for Mrs. Badgerly shan't lay her separation at my door. You won't deny that you were at the club last night? No, had as you are, Caudle, and—though you're my husband, I can't think you're a good man; I try to do, but I can't—had as you are, you can't deny you were at the club. What? That's what I say—you can't. And now, answer me this question. What did you say—before the whole world—of Mr. Badgerly's whiskers? There's nothing to laugh it, Caudle; if you'd have seen that poor woman, to-day, you'd have a heart of stone to laugh. What did you say of his whiskers? Didn't you tell everybody he dyed 'em? Didn't you hold the candle up to 'em, as you said, to show the purple? To be sure you did! Ha! people who break their hearts, and break hearts, breaking hearts. Badgerly went home like a demon; called his wife a false woman; vowed he'd never enter a bed again with her, and to show that he was in earnest, slept all night upon the sofa. He said it was the dearest secret of his life; said she had told me; and that I had told you; and that's how it had come out. What do you say? Badgerly was right? I did tell you? I know I did; but when dear Mrs. Badgerly mentioned the matter to me and a few friends, as we were all laughing at her together, she spoke in a confidential way—she just spoke of her husband's whiskers, and how long he was over them every morning—of course, poor soul! she never thought it was to be talked of in the world again. Eh? Then I had no right to tell you of it? And that's the way I'm thanked for my confidence. Because I don't keep a secret from you, but show you, that may say, my naked soul, Caudle, that I don't know you. Caudle will be buried, Badgerly—for all her hard words—after she went away, I'm quite sure my heart bled for her. What do you say, Mr. Caudle? Sees her right—she should hold her tongue? Yes; that's like your tyranny—you'd never let a poor woman speak. Eh, what, Mr. Caudle? 'That's a very fine speech, I dare say; and wives are very much obliged to you, only there's not a bit of truth in it. No, we women don't get together, and pick our husbands to pieces, just as sometimes mischievous little girls rip up their dolls. That's an old sentiment of yours, Mr. Caudle; but I'm sure you've no occasion to say it of me. I hear a good deal of other people's husbands, certainly; I can't shut my ears; I wish I could; but I never say anything about you—and I might, and you know it—and there's somebody else that knows it, too. No; I sit still and say nothing; that I have in my own bosom about you, Mr. Caudle, will be buried with me. But I know what you think of yours. I heard you talking to Mr. Prettyman, when you little thought I was listening, and you didn't know what you were saying—I heard you. 'My dear Prettyman,' says you, 'when some women get talking, they club all their husbands' faults together, just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set.' Eh? You don't remember it? But I do; and I remember too what brandy was left when Prettyman went. 'Twould be odd if you could remember much about it after that."

"And now you've gone and separated man and wife, and I'm to be blamed for it. You've proved to me that henceforth I'm not to trust you with anything, Mr. Caudle. No; I'll look up whatever I know in my own breast—for now I find nobody, not even one's own husband, is to be relied upon. From this moment, I may look upon myself as a solitary woman. Now, it's no use your trying to go to sleep. What do you say? You know that? Very well. No, I want to ask you one question more. Eh? You can't be asked to do it; I will go on—I'm not afraid to be catechized. I never drop a syllable that as a wife I ought to have kept to myself—no, I'm not at all forgetting what I've said—and I'm not at all getting to ask me speak at once. No—I don't want you to spare me; all I want you to do is to speak. You will speak? Well, then, do."

"What? Who told people you'd a false front tooth? And is that all? Well, I'm sure—as if the world couldn't see it. I know I did just mention it once, but then I thought everybody knew it—besides, I was aggravated to do it; it was, aggravated. I remember it was very day, at Mrs. Badgerly's, when husbands' whiskers came up. Well, after we'd done with them, somebody said something about teeth. Whereupon Miss Prettyman—a minx! she was born to destroy the peace of families—I know she was; she was there; and if I'd only known that such a creature was—no, I'm not rambling, not at all, and I'm coming to the tooth. To be sure, this is a great deal you've got against me, Mr. Caudle. Well, somebody spoke about teeth, when Miss Prettyman, with one of her insulting leers, said, 'she thought Mr. Caudle had the whitest teeth she ever had beheld.' Of course, my blood was up—every wife's would be; and I believe I might have said, 'Yes, they were well enough; but when a young lady so very much praised a married man's teeth, she perhaps didn't know that one of the front ones was an elephant's. Like her impudence—I set her down for the rest of the evening. But I can't come to bed to quarrel, and I'm not going to indulge you. All I say is this, after the shameful mischief you've made at the Badgerly's, you never break my confidence again. Never—and now you know it."

"Finally," says Caudle, "I compromised for aggie; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

"Finally," says Caudle, "I compromised for aggie; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

"Finally," says Caudle, "I compromised for aggie; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

"Finally," says Caudle, "I compromised for aggie; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED BY THE LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1853. OFFICE, S. E. CORNER THIRD AND WALNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. MARINE INSURANCES ON VESSELS, CARGO, AND ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. INLAND INSURANCES ON GOODS BY RAIL, CANALS, AND LAND CARRIAGE, TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNION. FIRE INSURANCES ON MERCHANDISE GENERALLY. On stores, dwelling houses, &c.

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY, NOVEMBER 1, 1866. \$114,000.00 United States 7 1/2 Per Cent. Loan, 1871 129,000.00 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 United States 7 1/2 Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 United States 7 1/2 Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00

INCOME FOR THE YEAR 1866, \$766,537'80. LOSSES PAID DURING THE YEAR AMOUNTING TO \$223,000. Dividends made annually, thus aiding the insured to pay premiums.

ALEX. WHILLIDN, President. GEORGE NUGENT, Vice-President. JOHN C. SIMS, Actuary. JOHN S. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer. BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. CAPITAL, \$125,000—PAID UP. ACCUMULATION, \$500,000. Cash Dividend in 1867, Forty per Cent.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES. Morton McMichael, Mayor. A. B. Cooley & Co., No. 214 Delaware avenue. Wm. H. Gutzmer, President Camden & Amboy R. R. James H. Stouffer, Late Director Mint. [231] A. G. B. Hinkle, M. D., Medical Examiner.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED JULY 28, 1853. CAPITAL, \$500,000, PAID IN. Insurance on Lives, Marine, and Fire. Assets, \$1,000,000.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED 1864—CHARTER PERPETUAL. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$1,500,000.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, NO. 5 S. FIFTH STREET. ASSETS, \$136,310'50. CHARTER PERPETUAL. MUTUAL SYSTEM EXCLUSIVELY.

THE NEW BANKRUPT LAW. E. H. THARP, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Will devote special attention to the prosecution of VOLUNTARY and COMPULSORY proceedings in BANKRUPTCY.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED BY THE LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1853. OFFICE, S. E. CORNER THIRD AND WALNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. MARINE INSURANCES ON VESSELS, CARGO, AND ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. INLAND INSURANCES ON GOODS BY RAIL, CANALS, AND LAND CARRIAGE, TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNION. FIRE INSURANCES ON MERCHANDISE GENERALLY. On stores, dwelling houses, &c.

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY, NOVEMBER 1, 1866. \$114,000.00 United States 7 1/2 Per Cent. Loan, 1871 129,000.00 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 United States 7 1/2 Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00

INCOME FOR THE YEAR 1866, \$766,537'80. LOSSES PAID DURING THE YEAR AMOUNTING TO \$223,000. Dividends made annually, thus aiding the insured to pay premiums.

ALEX. WHILLIDN, President. GEORGE NUGENT, Vice-President. JOHN C. SIMS, Actuary. JOHN S. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer. BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. CAPITAL, \$125,000—PAID UP. ACCUMULATION, \$500,000. Cash Dividend in 1867, Forty per Cent.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES. Morton McMichael, Mayor. A. B. Cooley & Co., No. 214 Delaware avenue. Wm. H. Gutzmer, President Camden & Amboy R. R. James H. Stouffer, Late Director Mint. [231] A. G. B. Hinkle, M. D., Medical Examiner.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED JULY 28, 1853. CAPITAL, \$500,000, PAID IN. Insurance on Lives, Marine, and Fire. Assets, \$1,000,000.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED 1864—CHARTER PERPETUAL. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$1,500,000.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, NO. 5 S. FIFTH STREET. ASSETS, \$136,310'50. CHARTER PERPETUAL. MUTUAL SYSTEM EXCLUSIVELY.

THE NEW BANKRUPT LAW. E. H. THARP, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Will devote special attention to the prosecution of VOLUNTARY and COMPULSORY proceedings in BANKRUPTCY.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY, INCORPORATED BY THE LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1853. OFFICE, S. E. CORNER THIRD AND WALNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. MARINE INSURANCES ON VESSELS, CARGO, AND ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. INLAND INSURANCES ON GOODS BY RAIL, CANALS, AND LAND CARRIAGE, TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNION. FIRE INSURANCES ON MERCHANDISE GENERALLY. On stores, dwelling houses, &c.

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY, NOVEMBER 1, 1866. \$114,000.00 United States 7 1/2 Per Cent. Loan, 1871 129,000.00 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 United States 7 1/2 Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00 State of Pennsylvania Six Per Cent. Loan, 1861 100,000.00

INCOME FOR THE YEAR 1866, \$766,537'80. LOSSES PAID DURING THE YEAR AMOUNTING TO \$223,000. Dividends made annually, thus aiding the insured to pay premiums.

ALEX. WHILLIDN, President. GEORGE NUGENT, Vice-President. JOHN C. SIMS, Actuary. JOHN S. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer. BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. CAPITAL, \$125,000—PAID UP. ACCUMULATION, \$500,000. Cash Dividend in 1867, Forty per Cent.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES. Morton McMichael, Mayor. A. B. Cooley & Co., No. 214 Delaware avenue. Wm. H. Gutzmer, President Camden & Amboy R. R. James H. Stouffer, Late Director Mint. [231] A. G. B. Hinkle, M. D., Medical Examiner.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED JULY 28, 1853. CAPITAL, \$500,000, PAID IN. Insurance on Lives, Marine, and Fire. Assets, \$1,000,000.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. INCORPORATED 1864—CHARTER PERPETUAL. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$1,500,000.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, NO. 5 S. FIFTH STREET. ASSETS, \$136,310'50. CHARTER PERPETUAL. MUTUAL SYSTEM EXCLUSIVELY.

THE NEW BANKRUPT LAW. E. H. THARP, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Will devote special attention to the prosecution of VOLUNTARY and COMPULSORY proceedings in BANKRUPTCY.

PROPOSALS.

PENNSYLVANIA AGRICULTURAL LAND SERIP FOR SALE. The Board of Commissioners now offer for sale TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES of Agricultural College Land Serip, being the balance of the Serip granted to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the endowment of Agricultural Colleges in this State.

MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS, ETC. M. BERNHEIM, Having reopened the Store. NO. 145 N. EIGHTH STREET. Will continue his old business.

MRS. R. DILLON, NOS. 323 AND 331 SOUTH STREET. Has a handsome assortment of MILLINERY. Also, Silk Velvets, Crapes, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Frames, etc.

ENGINES, MACHINERY, ETC. PENN STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS—SEAFIE & LEVY. MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS, AND MACHINERY.

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, NOS. 433 AND 437 CHESTNUT STREET. ASSETS ON JANUARY 1, 1867, \$2,533,140'13.

STEARNS, WHITNEY & BRIDGES, NO. 327 CHESTNUT STREET. Manufacturers of CAST-IRON WATER AND STEAM PIPE. Also, Fittings for the same.

CULVER'S NEW PATENT HOT-AIR FURNACE. RANGES OF ALL SIZES. Also, Philgus's New Low Pressure Steam Heating Apparatus.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING. PAINTING. THOMAS A. FAY, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER. NO. 31 NORTH THIRD STREET.

ALBEDYLL, MARX & CO., NO. 132 SOUTH ELEVENTH STREET. AND NO. 510 BACUS STREET. MANUFACTURERS OF FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGES.

PHILADELPHIA DEPOT. ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE. PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF OFFICE. PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, MARCH 25, 1867. Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock M., TUESDAY, March 26, 1867, for furnishing this Depot with Forage for a period of six (6) months, commencing April 1, 1867, and ending the 30th day of September, 1867, inclusive. VET. JOHN, GAY, HAY, AND STRAW for the use of animals in the public service at this depot, or at any other locality within sixty (60) miles of the city of Philadelphia, when required. All grain to be of the best quality. Oats 32 pounds to the bushel; Corn, 56 pounds to the bushel. Hay of the best quality, and of the Timothy; Straw to be Rye, of the best quality. All subject to inspection prior to delivery. Proposals will state price per hundred pounds for Hay and Straw and per ton for Corn and Oats, delivered at places of consumption in such quantities and at such times as may be ordered. (The price to be stated both in words and figures.) Each bid must be guaranteed by two responsible persons, whose signatures and residences shall be appended to the guarantee, and certified to as being good and sufficient security for Five thousand (\$5000) dollars, by the United States District Judge, Attorney, Collector, or other public officer. The right is reserved to reject all bids deemed unreasonable, and no bid from a defaulting contractor will be received. All proposals to be made out on the regular forms, in duplicate (which will be furnished on application at this Office), and conform to the terms of this advertisement, a copy of which must accompany each proposal. Envelopes to be enclosed. Proposals for Forage to be opened by the order of the Bvt. Brigadier-General G. H. CROSMAN, Asst. Q. M. HENRY W. JAMES, Capt. and Asst. Quartermaster, Major U. S. Army. OFFICE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY. PHILADELPHIA, February 4, 1867. Proposals will be received at the Office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia, until the first day of May, 1867, inclusive (unless a satisfactory guarantee be furnished), for the purchase of Lumber, from responsible parties desiring to contract with the Company for the purchase of a direct Line of Steamships between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Terms of proposals, with detailed information, will be furnished upon application to EDWARD SMITH, Secretary. GOVERNMENT SALES. BUREAU OF ORDNANCE, NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, March 15, 1867. There will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, at noon, THURSDAY, the 11th day of April, 1867, at the office of the Inspector of Ordnance, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, a lot of old and unserviceable articles of Ordnance, embracing Shot and Shell, about seven hundred (700) Cartridges, French loaders, about twenty-five hundred (2500) Muskets, rifled and smooth bore, Gun Carriages and other Stores. The articles will be sold in lots. Terms, one-half cash in Government funds, to be deposited on the conclusion of the sale, and the remainder within ten days afterwards, during which time the articles will revert to the contractor, otherwise they will revert to the Government. H. A. WISE, Chief of Bureau. FERTILIZERS. BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME. The great Fertilizer for all crops. Quick in its action, and permanent in its effects. Established over twelve years. Dealers supplied by the cargo, direct from the wharf of the manufacturer, on liberal terms. Manufactured only by BAUGH & SONS, Office No. 20 South DELAWARE Avenue, Philadelphia. AMMONIATED PHOSPHATE. AN UNSPANNED FERTILIZER. For Wheat, Corn, Potatoes, Grass, the Vegetable Garden, Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Etc. Etc. This Fertilizer contains Grand Bone and the best Fertilizing Salts. Price \$1 per ton of 2000 pounds. For sale by the manufacturers. WILLIAM ELLIS & CO., Chemists, 132nd Street, No. 721 MARKET STREET. LOST. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD! LOST, between Walnut Street Wharf and the American Hotel, in Chestnut Street, on Monday evening, March 11, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a large black enameled Leather LADY'S TRAVELING BOX, About eighteen inches square, with handle on top, marked "H. C. J. Bait." The finder will receive the above reward by leaving the box and contents to No. 2 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia. STEAMBOAT LINES. TRIPS RESUMED—THE STEAMER JOHN A. WARNER will commence running between Philadelphia and Bristol on THURSDAY, the 28th of February, at 10 o'clock P. M. from PHILADELPHIA, and on FRIDAY, the 1st of March, at 10 o'clock P. M. from BRISTOL. Returning, leave Bristol at 7 o'clock A. M. Fare each way, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 221m HASTING'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF NAPTHA CURS COUGHS AND COLDS. GIVE IT A TRIAL. Sold by all first-class Druggists. DYOTT & CO., AGENTS, No. 232 North Second St. 221m